

POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

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CHICKS HATCHED BY A CAT.

Story from Boston About a New Hampshire Cat Taking the Place of a Hen.

There is an old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." If the story, which we find in an exchange, is true then surely the old adage is verified.

We quote introduction and all just as it appeared in the Petaluma Poultry Journal:

The Boston Post, printed at the "Hub" where motion is less rapid and truth is supposed to be more stable than at other parts of the wheel, prints the following remarkable cat story.

Bess, the big, gray, moherly cat owned by Andrew J. Rock, is the most famous inhabitant of Rye, N. H.. And Bess is well worthy of all the pats of kindness that are showered upon her and that the distinction that has heralded her name throughout all that part of the state. For she has become a mother to the motherless, and this in a way that has shown her to possess intelligence which in all the sincerity of the phrase is almost human. Bess's good old mother, now long since dead, must have taught her the works of mercy when Bess was a kitten, for she has performed many meritorious little acts during her lifetime, but her last act of charity when she became the mother of a brood of chicks, even going so far as to hatch them out, is the most unusual thing that Bess has ever done. Not long ago Mr. Lock had a hen which was sitting on a nest of eggs but which took her departure for parts unknown one morning and has never been heard of since.

While the mother hen was sitting on the eggs Bess visited her every day to view the proceedings with wonder because the old hen never moved from the nest. Then came an unexpected event. Bess called to see the hen one morning and found her gone. Then she jumped up to the nest of eggs, which were still very warm, and nosed around there for a little while. Mr. Lock watched her, and as he knew that she could be trusted, he went to look for the delinquent hen, but could not find her. When he returned to the nest he found pussy quietly stretched over the eggs and although he tried, he could not induce her to leave them.

Finally Mr. Lock went away, expecting that Bess would soon follow him. But such was not the case. Bess remained of the eggs, and eventually hatched out the entire brood of chickens. Then with feline care, she protected them as only a cat can, treating them just as if they were young kittens instead of chicks.

She has walked around the barnyard with them every day, and has constantly watched them through all their young days, until now that they have grown to a fairly large size, they are able to take care of themselves. But even to this day she manifests an interest in her brood, and they are as well cared for as those of any hen.

Chicken Ranch in the Air.

Problem of getting fresh eggs in New York City solved by a hotel man. Some people are compelled by circumstances to do strange things. If the story told by the American Farmer is true, then surely almost any one may raise their own fresh eggs.

Poultry, though belonging to the flying fraternity, is usually content to roost reasonably low. An ordinary tree satisfies the most ambitious, and since the introduction of modern methods, with their houses and perches, it is only in out of the way places that chickens enjoy the luxury of seeking the tree tops. However, they have a natural tendency to go up, and this has been gratified by a New York genius in a way quite novel. Being the owner of the largest apartment hotel in the world, situated in the heart of the great metropolis, he has had the usual trouble of landlords in supplying his guests with fresh eggs and broilers. The recent clamor about pure food has cast suspicion on all the cold-storage products and guests have become extremely suspicious since they learned that fowls were kept packed for years before being sent to the table, and when served were as tasteless as stones and dry as chips. As to eggs, they certainly do not improve in reputation after a year's confinement in the packers' subcellars. To avoid these difficulties, while becoming at the same time independent of the trusts, was the scheme of the Ansonia's proprietor, and he solved the problem in a way decidedly original.

He determined to establish a chicken farm on the roof of his twelve-story skyscraper, and has persevered until there are now several hundred fowls scratching around in the sand far above the strollers on Broadway. The success of this daring scheme suggests many advantages. His poultry can't "go down," to use the market phrase, until they descend for the table, and they can't "go up," as there is no farther to go. But this is not all. Complaining guests, disposed to be suspicious of eggs and fries, can be taken up on the elevator in a few minutes and "shown" in a way to satisfy the most exacting Missourian. They can see for themselves that the eggs are laid just above the dining-room and the chickens hatched within a stone's throw of the nearest bedroom. There is no danger of these chickens causing trouble by wandering into neighboring gardens. The boldest thief cannot reach them, and they cannot stray off, as Skyfarm, though in the center of a city of four millions of people, is really more secluded than a chicken ranch in Western Wyoming.

People that have visited this aerial establishment declare that it is an ideal chicken yard. The roof surface is finely tiled in terra cotta. The north end is covered with earth and gravel. Instead of a barn, these New York chickens live in this fashionable hotel almost as comfortable as the guests. From the center of the roof rises a dome or cupola, the lower floor of which is occupied by the chickens, and in and out of this snug nook the hens run undisturbed. Between times they attend assiduously to the wants of the guests by laying eggs in numbers that almost suffice for the daily needs of the three hundred people who dwell on the lower

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floors. Before engaging in this enterprise, the proprietor was for some time in doubt as to whether his guests would prefer the music of an orchestra in a spot where they might star-gaze conveniently, or freshly-laid eggs and young broilers. He soon decided that they would rather gratify their stomachs than their ears, and he made no mistake. His stock all comes from an incubator and consists of Leg-horns, Plymouth Rocks and other breeds of the good market variety. He is satisfied with his venture and takes much interest in its management, while the guests are more than pleased with the results which enable them to overhaul their poultry supplies before they get into the hands of the middleman.

The story recalls the celebrated comedy of "The Birds," in which Aristophanes describes the wonderful city of Nephelococcygia, built by the cuckoos in the clouds. The object of the great comic writer was to satirize the tendency of his fellow Athenians to indulge in building castles in the air, but the fanciful imaginings of the ancient poet of the fifth century B. C. are reduced to realities in the practical age of the twentieth century. Here we have a feathered city far above the earth, real eggs deposited well up toward the clouds, and a permanent abode for hundreds of winged creatures on a height that overlooks land and water for miles around. A still nearer realization of the dreamings of the Greek satirist may be furnished within our real actual experience. On the graveled roof of the building in which the American Farmer is published, which is eight stories high and situated in the center of Indianapolis, a pair of bull bats, or night hawks, reared their brood, and went away to their Southern homes to tell the wonderful story to the antipodians. Thus Nephelococcygia, or "Cloud Cuckoo Town," has its counterpart out of the realms of fancy and within the midst of the modern poultry world.

A Secret of Unhappy Marriages.

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in high places, and of a sensational literature and drama to which young persons have free access, and which picture liaison and amour as proper pastimes for the would-be "smart."

To quote President G. Stanley Hall: "Never has youth been exposed to such dangers as in our own land and day, increasing urban life with its temptations, prematurities, sedentary occupations, and passive stimuli just when an active objective life is most needed; early emancipation, and a lessening sense for both duty and discipline; the haste to know and do all befitting man's estate before its time; the mad rush for sudden wealth, and the reckless fashions set by its gilded youth."

Now the moral law makes it obligatory upon parents, in the interest of society and for the good of rising generations, to educate their children physically, intellectually and morally. The half-heartedness with which this requirement is met in some quarters, and the utter indifference to it which prevails in others, measurably account for the proneness of young people to degeneration and moral downfall.—Dr. John D. Quackenbos in Good House-keeping.